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INDIANS OF THE NORTHWEST BY CHIEF BUFFALO CHILD LONG LANCE

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INDIANS OF THE NORTHWEST

BY CHIEF BUFFALO CHILD LONG LANCE

WHITE CLOUD—STONY TRIBE

IN ALL *my travels and experiences among the Indians of our Northwest Country, British Columbia, and Alaska, I have found those Indians that have been the least associated with civilization to be the best morally and physically. They suffer less from the ailments and the disturbing influences of the incoming race, and they retain those moral attributes that have in the past caused the Indian to be worthily designated "The Noble Red Man." It is the Indians of these tribes that I describe and picture in the following pages.*

Long Lance.

Photo by Long Lance

WOLF COLLAR

Famous Blackfoot medicine man, the only medicine man of the old school of mystics left alive among the Indians of the Northwestern plains. The feats this wizard has performed are hard to believe. He is ninety years old and the virtual ruler of the tribe. Though his normal expression is impenetrably stony, when he smiles, displaying two rows of perfect white teeth, he radiates a warmth of human kindness. He is master of all the arts and crafts known to the Indian. His sacred "medicine," the thunderbird (eagle), is seen painted on his tepee just over his right shoulder. It was given to him in a vision when he was struck by lightning at the age of seventeen, and lay apparently dead for twelve hours

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INDIANS OF THE NORTHWEST AND WEST CANADA

BY CHIEF BUFFALO CHILD LONG LANCE

CHIEF BUFFALO CHILD
LONG LANCE

This article, the pictures, and the descriptive legends have been prepared specially for this number of The Mentor by Long Lance. A sketch of him will be found in the Open Letter on page 72

Forty-five years ago the Indians of western Canada were roaming the plains as free as when Columbus first placed the standard of the Spanish crown on American soil. The white man had not yet come into their country. To-day they live on large reservations situated far out from the towns and cities that have since grown up, and therefore they have seen very little of the white man since. For these reasons they may be said to be the truest type of aboriginal American left on the continent. They retain all their old customs; they are mainly non-English-speaking, and they still paint their faces and wear much of the native raiment.

The Indians whose photographs appear on these pages are: Blackfeet; Sarcees; Bloods; Bush, Swampy, and Plains Crees; Assiniboines; Sioux; Stonys; Nootkas, and Musqueams of Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, British Columbia, and the Northwest Territories.

All of these tribes, except the Sioux, Assiniboines, and Stonys, are indigenous to Canada. The two bands of Sioux here sought refuge in the Canadian Northwest following the Minnesota Massacre of 1862 and the Custer Massacre of 1876. The Assiniboines broke away from the Sioux in what is now the United States three hundred years ago and settled in Saskatchewan, where they became known under their present name. During the big smallpox epidemic, which all but wiped out the Assiniboines one hundred years ago, what are now known as the Stonys fled from the Assiniboines, went farther west, and settled in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, where they now live, just forty miles east of the well-known mountain resort, Banff. In this new territory they lost both of their original identities—Sioux and

Photo by Long Lance

CHIEF WHITE CAP

One of the chiefs who brought the American Sioux onto the plains of western Canada after they had massacred five hundred white people at Redwood, Minnesota, in 1862. At the age of one hundred years, White Cap is living to-day on the Standing Buffalo Reserve, near Fort Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan, together with the remainder of the famous band

Assiniboine—and became known by the English translation of Assiniboine, which means "Stone Indians." But they continue to speak the Sioux language, and, like the Sioux, they still refer to themselves as the Dakotas, a word which means "Friends," but which is used by the Sioux to designate all Indians.

Many that have written about the Indian have gained their knowledge from one tribe or district; then, believing that they have learned all that is to be known about the race, they write a volume on "The Indian." Even an Indian cannot do that. All Indians have so-called red skin, but further than that one cannot generalize with safety. There is as much difference between the Plains tribes and the Bush tribes of the Hudson's Bay district as there is between Americans and the Russians. The Plains Indians, and especially the Blackfeet and the Sioux, are proud, independent, defiant; they cannot be driven. The Bush Indians are docile, slovenly, and rather inclined to dodge a fight.

Without the knowledge that Indian tribes differ just as white nationalities, many well-meaning writers have done more harm than good to the Indian race. One group portrays the Indian as a romantic god. Another group depicts him as a shiftless, irresponsible good-for-nothing. The reader of the romantic writer happens to see his first Indian in a country where the Indians are extremely peace-loving, uncleanly, and of poor physique, and the unexpected contrast arouses a repulsion that would never have existed had he not got the impression that all Indians are alike. On the other hand, writers of some Western novels and cheap motion-picture plays have probably never laid eyes on a representative of one of the Plains tribes or a pure-bred Indian.

I have sometimes felt like putting a bullet through a movie screen on

Photo by Long Lance

CHIEF ✣ ✣
WATER CHIEF

A minor chief of the Blackfeet and his wife, who stands almost six feet in her moccasins. She is typical of the fine type of woman that survives among the Plains tribes and has had little contact with the new era since the coming of the white man some forty years ago

which I have seen an Indian bowing and salaaming to a master like a Hindu. That is not in Indian nature—not even the tractable Bush Cree. Again, I have seen the Indian portrayed as a treacherous timber wolf. The Indian is not treacherous. The word of the pure Indian is as good as his life laid in your hand. It is true that Indian blood mixed with certain foreign bloods produces individuals that are too crooked to trust themselves; but these disreputable characters are no more Indian than they are white. They are mixed breeds. Scotch blood mixes better with Indian than any other. Irish, English, and French come next in their order. I have no experience with the Spanish mixed-bloods.

Some of western Canada's best citizens are of Scotch and Indian descent. Lady Lougheed, wife of Sir James Lougheed, minister of the interior, is a half-breed. So are Brigadier General H. F. MacDonald, C.M.G., D.S.O., and D. H. MacDonald, member of the Saskatchewan legislature. James McKay, chief justice of Saskatchewan, is of Scotch and Cree descent, as are many others holding responsible positions in Canada. The Indians are proud to call these people their "half-brothers." These fine representatives of both races, Scotch and Indian, are very numerous in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, the mention of which reminds me of an incident:

Photo by Long Lance

TYPICAL BLOOD INDIAN OF SOUTHERN ALBERTA

Steel was famed as a scout for the Royal Northwest Mounted Police until the settling down of the Northwest a few years ago. He is still living on the Blood Reserve. The Bloods are said by the Indian Department officials to be the most independent Indians of the entire West, and they must be handled with great diplomacy.

A few years ago the Scotch missionary of the Qu'Appelle Agency, Saskatchewan, received a letter from the Old Country, inquiring into the nature of the half-breed. He replied: "The half-breeds are pretty poor specimens of the Indian race, but they are quite an improvement upon the Scotch!"

This leads me to answer the oft-asked question, "Has the Indian a sense of humor?" I dare say there are few races that have a deeper vein of humor than the Indian. But his humor inclines to funny situations and actual happenings rather than toward manufactured jokes, which

Photo by Long Lance

NOOTKA, ✣ ✣ ✣
INDIAN CANOE MAKER
OF VANCOUVER ISLAND

Note the squatty stature, the large head, short legs, which contrast so markedly with the tall, wiry Plains Indian. The canoe is first carved to about an inch and a half in thickness; the inside surface is then burned with charcoal and polished with smooth stones until the shell is about a quarter of an inch thick. When completed, this canoe is so light that it can be carried easily by one man. No instruments are used in measuring these canoes while building, yet engineers say that their proportions are scientifically correct

seldom "get over" with him. If a person tries to act or be funny, then he is not funny in the eyes of an Indian. Instead, he is ridiculous, and will sometimes bring forth scornful laughter that freezes into stolid-faced contempt.

The following is a typical Indian joke—one that he will laugh at long and heartily, because it happened without intention:

George Brass, Cree interpreter for Polley Agency, Saskatchewan, was interpreting a sermon for the Anglican missionary of that agency. The missionary was a cockney Englishman who took extreme liberties with his h's. In this particular sermon he quoted: "Do not be afraid, (h)it is I." George interpreted it thus: "Ahkah-waye-kesakeshew-pukama-oskeesikook" ("Don't be afraid, hit him in the eye"), accentuating the word "pukama" (hit) by banging his fist into the palm of his hand. I have repeated this occurrence to many Cree gatherings on the plains, and each time I have had to stop under the laughter before I could go on talking.

People often ask me about "the Indian dialects." Among the score of tribes with which I am acquainted, there are no dialects. Distinct tribes have distinct languages, more different from each other than English and Turkish. For instance, the words "white man" in the Blackfoot language is "apeekwan;" in Sioux, "washeechu;" in Cree, "monias;" in Squamish, "whulwhullaten." It is interesting to note that the Cree word for white man, "monias,"

Photo by Long Lance

YELLOW TEPEE, ASSINIBOINE BRAVE

Dressed in war regalia. The horned headdress which he wears is called by Indians their "enemy hat." It is worn only in battle, being carried at all other times dangling over their backs, ready to be donned when the enemy is sighted. He holds in his left hand the Indian scalp stick. Each feather represents a scalp. The actual scalps are kept only a few days after they have been taken, for the victory celebration, after which they are carefully buried, and the feather takes their place for trophy purposes

means: "a helpless person with little experience." The white man first impressed the Crees as being helpless because he had to carry around with him so many things that seemed unnecessary to the Indian, such as: compasses to find his way, toothbrushes, razors, soap, cooking utensils, drinking cups, combs, and so forth.

The Indian languages are very elaborate. Blackfoot has nine conjugations; it takes forty-nine pages of foolscap to conjugate one verb. Cree has twelve words for "snow," each expressing a different condition of snow, and each requiring a sentence to express it in English. There are no "swear words" in the Indian languages. Indians are perfect in their grammar; not to be able to speak the language correctly lowers one to an inconsequential position in the tribe. Hence, the first duty of the mother is to teach the child how to speak properly.

In the foregoing I have been telling of the Indians with whom I am most intimate—those of the great American plains and those of the North and the Northwest. There are certain outstanding characteristics that may be attributed very generally to these Indians, and among them I would mention in the order of their predominance: their deep religious nature, their love of sport, their fidelity to friends, their calm acceptance of the inevitable (called "stoicism"), their honesty and truthfulness, their great power of physical endurance, their dislike for manual labor, their great understanding and adaptation to things mechanical, their equanimity,

their inborn respect for the aged, their love of gathering together and of ceremony, and their unfailing concern for the poor and needy. I would add to this the inability to appreciate the value of money and the desire to turn money into something tangible that one can eat, drink, or use.

The restless, aggressive Blackfeet are a very tall people, averaging well over six feet. They are of a dark copper hue, with retreating foreheads and long, crooked noses. They stick to the custom of painting their faces according to the way they feel when they arise in the morning—happy, angry, revengeful, in love, warlike, or sad. They wear their hair in two long braids, taking particular care to shave off all superfluous hair around the temples, in the groove where it parts, and around the eyebrows. They pluck their eyebrows down to two narrow, straight lines; and they did this for hundreds of years before civilized women adopted this fashion.

The Blackfeet are expert riders, but since the passing of the final buffalo herd in 1883 they have ceased to be hunters. They raise cattle and stock extensively on their large reserve near Gleichen, Alberta, which is forty-six miles long and ten miles wide. During the last ten years they have made great strides as grain ranchers.

They cling to all their native customs. Once a year the whole tribe, numbering seven hundred, journey to the Tallow Flats along the Bow River to hold their famous Sun Dance for two weeks. They pitch their

Photo by Long Lance

MEDICINE MAN OF MUSQUEAM TRIBE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

These Indians have an entirely different set of customs from all other Indians. They are foreigners to the Plains tribes. The medicine man dons this garb at all marriages, and once a year he dances and shakes his rattles (the sea shells held in his right hand) over the dead in the tribal burying ground

beautifully painted tepees in a large circle, about a half-mile around, and in the center of this they erect the big green Sun Dance lodge, where, hidden from the eye of the white man, they carry out their ancient rites.

Chief Calf Child, whose photograph is shown on page 17, is one of the leading figures at this annual event. I lived in Calf Child's tepee during the Sun Dance last year, August 3d to 12th. Every morning I would be awakened long before sunrise by a queer noise. I would turn over in my bed and see the chief sitting on the side of his pallet, singing his "medicine song" and gazing wistfully at the breakfast fire that his wife had already built in the center of the tepee. This was his morning prayer. He was keeping up the ancient custom of the Plains Indians: of rising before daylight and gaining strength in prayer for the battle against hardships, starvation, and the enemy. The Canadian Government has tried for years to do away with the Sun Dance among the Blackfeet—the only tribe that has preserved it in its entirety—but their efforts have not met with success.

Photo by Long Lance

SPOTTED CALF AND SOUNDING SKY

Mother and father of the famous Indian outlaw, Almighty Voice, who was killed in northern Saskatchewan in 1897, after bringing down seven Mounted Policemen with his muzzle-loader. These hardy Crees are living to-day just four miles from the spot where Almighty Voice made his last stand. Sounding Sky was himself a warrior of note up until 1885, when he fought his last battle in the Northwest, or Riel, Rebellion. He fought under his wife's father, Chief One Arrow, who led the Crees in this last frontier war in the Northwest

Chief Weasel Calf is the last chief living who signed the famous Treaty of Peace in 1877, which settled the roving tribes of the Canadian plains on permanent reserves. At the close of the Sun Dance this year—while we were holding a council of chiefs in his tepee to discuss the Government's efforts to abolish it—Chief Weasel Calf said to me:

"It is a funny thing: all white people of different nationalities have the same skin and the same God; all Indians of different tribes have the same skin and the same images. I do not know which is right. But I know there is but one Great Spirit."

Weasel Calf is one of the Indians who still have more than one wife, as was the custom in the old days. Mrs. Weasel Calf, one of his two remaining wives, is said to

possess the powers of a spiritualist. She is one of the few women who have attained to the rank of a medicine man. She is head of the Old Women's Lodge, an organization which meets in secret for four days, once a year, to carry on their weird incantations with the "spirits."

Photo by Long Lance

MANY SHOTS

Brother of the famous Blackfoot Chief, Crowfoot, who was responsible for bringing about peace between the Indians of the Northwestern plains and the incoming white race. He persuaded all of the other tribes to join him in the Treaty of 1877. Many Shots, who is now seventy-eight years old, has been through the terrible ordeal of the Sun Dance seven times, a record which no other living Indian holds. He bears the ghastly scars on his chest

The Blood and the Piegan tribe of Alberta are identically the same as the Blackfeet, together with the South Piegans—so-called Blackfeet—of Montana. They became split up into these so-called tribes about one hundred and fifty years ago, as a result of a buffalo shortage on the Northwestern plains. These tribes were one at that time, with a head chief whose three sons were minor chiefs of these three bands of the tribe—all tribes are divided into two or more bands under minor chiefs, for war purposes, much the same as a military division is divided into brigades.

No buffalo had come north that year, as a result of a switching of the warm Chinook winds to a more southerly course. The big tribe was facing starvation during the coming winter. The head chief called his three sons together. He instructed the chief of what are now the Blackfeet to go east with his band, and not to return until they had located a herd of buffalo. He sent the band now known as the Bloods south with the same instructions, and he dispatched what are now the Piegans westward. None but the aged and infirm remained with the head chief to await their return.

Months afterward the band that became known as the Blackfeet, having veered far to the north and crossed an immense stretch of country burned by a prairie fire, returned to the head camp with their moccasins jet black. Following out the universal Indian habit of renaming things according to circumstances or characteristics on momentous occasions like this,

the head chief forthwith called this band the "Siksika," meaning "Blackfeet." The band that is now called the Blood tribe was the next to return. During their long absence they had acquired a wide reputation as dangerous fighters, having time and again defeated all their enemy tribes to the south, and spread disaster among all that crossed their path. The head chief called them the "Kai-nais," meaning "Bloods." The Piegans were the last to return. They had grown to like their separate existence so well that they refused to join the parent body again. And the chief called them the "Pia-canis," meaning "cut off, or separation," which has become corrupted by English pronunciation into "Piegans." I might say that this is a fact that has never been recorded or, so far as I am able to judge, heard by white writers and researchers among Indians.

Photo by Long Lance

LITTLE WHITE CLOUD

Son of Spotted Eagle, who is the champion boy prairie-chicken dancer of the plains. At Indian festivals and celebrations he has been awarded prizes for this accomplishment. The Indian "Prairie-Chicken Dance" is perhaps man's nearest approach to perfection in imitating the actions of wild fowls or animals. Every muscle of the body is made to quiver with such rapidity that the crouching dancer becomes almost a blurred outline. People of the West are familiar with the original of this dance, which prairie chickens perform at certain times of the year

From this time on the three bands grew more individual in their movements and habits, but they kept sufficiently close together to fight their enemies as one unit. When the Treaty of 1877 was signed, the three bands chose to continue their separate existence on reservations located in the hunting grounds that each found during the buffalo shortage one hundred and fifty years ago. Thus the Blackfeet took up the most easterly position at Blackfoot Crossing, now Gleichen, Alberta; the Bloods chose their southern hunting grounds between Whoop-Up and Stand-Off, Alberta; and the Piegans went west, near Brockett, Alberta. There they are to-day, separated, but all speaking the same language. The Bloods speak much more rapidly than the Blackfeet, and the Piegans speak about twice as rapidly as the Bloods. It is a pecul-

Photo by Long Lance

MANY DUCKS — A young Cree girl of the last band of Indians that still roams the plains of the Northwest without treaty obligations or a reservation. She is the daughter of Chief Crying Child, head chief of these painted and feathered rovers who have staunchly refused ever to sign a treaty with the white men. The territory over which they wander extends as far as six hundred miles north of the Montana border in Alberta and Saskatchewan

A BLACKFOOT MEDICINE MAN

iar fact that all mountain Indians speak very rapidly—both the Bloods and Piegans are near the foothills of the Rockies. The guttural Kootenays of the Rockies are noted for the rapidity of their articulation. And the Stonys, since going into the foothills, have grown to speak so fast that their parent body, the Assiniboines, have to be with them about a week before they can understand them.

Shortly after the Blackfoot split-up, the Sarcees, a tribe belonging to an entirely different stock from those already on the plains, came down from the country of Athapasca—Rubber Sky—lying far to the north in what is still the Northwest Territories. They fought the Blackfeet for years, until they were overpowered, and then they joined them as allies. Thus the Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans, and Sarcees became known as the Blackfoot Confederation, which spread havoc among all tribes of the West, much the same as the Iroquois of the East. The Sarcees now live on a reserve just south of Calgary, having dwindled down to less than one hundred and fifty, a sorry remnant of their former tribe of ten thousand strong. They will soon be extinct. In fact, there is only one full-blooded Sarcee living among them: Fox Tail, whose photograph is shown on page 18. The remainder of the tribe are mixed with Blackfoot.

The Sarcees speak a language that no white man has ever learned. Even their allies, the Blackfeet, Bloods, and Sarcees, have never been able to grasp it. Hence, the Sarcees have been forced to become the linguists of the plains. Although they speak their own language among themselves, they are all able from early childhood to speak Blackfoot, and most of them speak Stony and Cree.

Archdeacon Tims, who wrote a grammar of the Blackfoot language and put the language into writing (syllabics), spent three years among the Sarcees with the same end in view, but he was forced to give it up. He still lives on the Sarcee Reserve, having been their missionary for thirty years; but he has

to converse with them in Blackfoot.

The Sarcees have three gutturals for every vowel sound. One of these gutturals is pronounced high up in the throat, another deep down in the chest, and the third is pronounced midway between these two points. To complicate matters, they change these vowels in the throat without a break in the voice. And again they will take one vowel, "a," for instance, and switch it back and forth through high, low, and intermediate without a break, as given words may require. If the slightest mistake is made in placing the guttural vowel in the part of the throat in which it belongs, the word may mean an entirely different thing.

Photo by Long Lance

WHITE NAILS, BUSH CREE OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

One of the few surviving Indian medicine men of the old mysterious school. Note the difference of dress and appearance between these docile Indians and their brethren of the plains. Although he is a full-blood, he wears a beard, like all other Indians of the North

Fox Tail, the last pure-blood Sarcee, retains the history of how the Sarcees happened to break away from their brethren, the Beavers of the North Country, and come south. The big parent tribe was crossing one of the immense northern lakes one winter's day, when one of their women-folk noticed the antlers of a moose sticking out of the ice. She went over and struck the antlers with her ax, to see if they were shed or on the head of a frozen moose, which would make good food. The vibration resulting from this blow caused the ice to split in half from one side of the huge lake to the other—a distance of some miles. The noise was terrific, and the gap kept widening. All those on the south side of this parting of the ice ran south, while those on the north fled in that direction. The Sarcees kept rushing south until they reached the shore, many miles away. They never returned north. They continued southward until they met the Blackfeet. Although they ultimately allied themselves with the Blackfoot tribes, they chose a separate reserve at the Treaty of '77, much against the wishes of the government authorities. But they believed that if they should be brigaded with the Blackfeet these lordly people would always look down upon them as inferiors.

Photo by Long Lance

CHIEF WEASEL CALF

Aged ninety, the last chief living who signed the historic Treaty of 1877, which established peace between the Indian and the white man on the vast expanse of the Northwestern plains. This Blackfoot chief was the youngest chief of his tribe at that time, having been elevated to that rank in recognition of his bravery on the warpath. He is pictured later on in the Calgary Stampede

The Sioux on the western Canadian plains all came from the United States as refugees. The first bunch came over in 1862 after they had massacred five hundred white people at Redwood, Minnesota—called the Minnesota Massacre. They are now scattered over six reservations in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, the bands having been purposely scattered to avoid any further outbreaks. But these Sioux, now numbering more than one thousand, are the most industrious, self-reliant Indians in the Canadian Northwest. And they retain much of the Sioux spirit of independence. The second lot came over with Sitting Bull, following the Custer Massacre of 1876. Sitting Bull and his legion roved the Canadian plains, gaunt and half-starved, for eight years before returning to the United States under promises of amnesty. But fifty families of his band remained in Saskatchewan, and they are now living on a small reservation near Moose Jaw. Sitting Bull, as many may know, was duped and murdered at the Standing Rock Agency, North Dakota, in December, 1890. He had said to the American commissioners when they came up into Canada to meet and parley with him under the escort of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police:

"God Almighty made me; and he never made me an Agency Indian—And I will fight and die fighting before any white man can make me one. You come and take our lands, and when we fight you for our rights you would hang us like dogs. If I did not fight you, you would hate me. If you think I am a fool, you are a bigger fool than I am. Now I want you to go home; and I want you to take it easy going back."

The Minnesota Massacre Sioux brought a little white baby into Canada with them—one that one of the women had picked up out of the bloody mud and saved after its parents had been killed. This child grew up as an Indian, and is living at Amaranth, Manitoba, to-day, a man over sixty. His name is

Photo by Long Lance

CHIEF ✣ ✣
CALF CHILD

A splendid representative of the type of Indian that will pass away when the pre-frontier generation has died off. The younger generation unfortunately will not inherit all of the hardihood, poise, and character of this vanishing type. Calf Child still lives up to all the best physical and moral principles of the race, and is a powerful leader among the Blackfeet

Ross Tanner. I have spent the last year trying to find out whether he has any surviving relatives in the States.

When he reached the age of ten and found out that he was not an Indian, he ran away from the Sioux. He hid in badger holes during the day and traveled at night until he came across a roving band of half-breed buffalo hunters. He joined them; and he thinks it is from the fact that he was given the job of curing the buffalo hides that he acquired the name Tanner. He is entirely illiterate, speaking only the colloquial English of the half-breed and being unable to read or write. Every now and then he journeys far—to wherever I happen to be in the Northwest—to find out whether or not I have located any of his relatives.

The Assiniboines, the parent body of the Stonys, and themselves an offshoot of the Sioux, live on two reservations in Saskatchewan. Chief Carry-the-Kettle, head chief of the Assiniboines, died last February at the age of one hundred and seventeen on the Carry-the-Kettle Reserve near Indian Head, Saskatchewan. He was the oldest and most renowned pre-frontier chief surviving in the American West, having ruled his tribe for some forty years before the white man came. He was one of the few survivors of the historic smallpox epidemic at the beginning of the last century, which all but wiped out the tribe and caused the Stonys to break away from it. In describing this fearful epidemic to me just two months before his death, he said that he and his father rode through camp after camp, along the Upper Missouri River, to find all of their occupants piled into decaying heaps, and dogs feeding on their bodies.

Photo by Long Lance

FOX TAIL, AGED ONE HUNDRED

The last surviving full-blooded Sarcee. This tribe, which lives just south of Calgary, has acquired a strong strain of Blackfoot blood since it became allied with the Blackfeet more than a hundred years ago. Fox Tail recalls vividly the accounts, related to him by eye-witnesses, of the splitting of the great lake in the Far North, which caused his people to flee south one hundred and fifty years ago

The chief said that during this terrible scourge all the little orphan children in his camp would gather at sunset and climb to the top of a certain hill overlooking the camp. Here they would sit down in a circle and say to each other:

"Let us cry."

As twilight grew into darkness, they would sit and weep for an hour or more, while the coyotes yelped and fought over the bodies of their parents a few hundred yards below.

Photo by Long Lance

THE SWEAT BATH

The framework of the bath is made of limber willow sticks over which are thrown blankets and skins anchored by heavy stones. In a hole, in the center of the bath, are white-hot stones on which the bather splashes cold water to produce steam. Periodically he drinks cold water to induce perspiration. In the meantime, the bather lashes his body with a bundle of tightly bound straw. After thirty minutes of this, he runs to a near-by stream and plunges into the cold water. For soap the Indian uses the fine mud at the bottom of the stream. A twenty-minute sunning completes the semi-weekly bath

The Cree tribe is the largest in western Canada, and it is said to be the largest north of Mexico. They were originally a part of the Ojibway, or Chippewa, tribe. They migrated from the Montreal district about three hundred years ago and settled on the plains and in the bush districts of the North Country. The Plains Crees are far better specimens than the Bush Crees. Closely allied with them are the Saulteaux—really the same people who have acquired a different name since migrating West, and a different accent. The Crees inhabit every province west of Ontario, including British Columbia and the Northwest Territories, and it is the only tribe in the West which has that distinction. Their name is derived from the word "Cristeneaux," given to them by the early French voyageurs; and this word was latterly abbreviated to "Cris," pronounced in French "Cree." But the Crees refer to themselves as the Nehiyowuk—"The Exact-Speaking People." The Saulteaux are so called because they once resided on the Saulte.

It is interesting to note that practically none of the Plains tribes refer to themselves by the name under which they are known to the white man. The only exception I know to this rule is that applying to the three Blackfoot tribes, who happened to be named by their head chief.

The Cree language has produced three words that have attained universal usage in the white man's language: "moccasin," "squaw," and "Eskimo." Eskimo comes from the Cree word Iyeskimo—"Eaters of Raw Flesh"—the

cognomen which they applied to these residents of the Far North. Squaw is derived from the Cree word Esquao, their term for woman, which means literally translated "the lowest of beings."

It might be mentioned here that Eskimos and Indians have always been enemies of each other, and have never intermarried, although they live very close to each other in the North Country, and meet and mingle at the trading posts. They have definite lines running from east to west, south of which no Eskimo ever trespasses, and north of which no Indian ever wanders.

Some will wonder why the above Indian words mean so much when translated into English. That arises from the fact that the Algonquin languages are agglutinative; that is, words meaning whole sentences are made by taking a root syllable from each word and grouping them together in one short word. In order to show the brevity of these roots, and at the same time show why hyphens are always used in such Indian words and names, I shall give here the longest word in the Blackfoot language: Ma-ta-pi-mat-o-kots-i-tu-tui-sup-i-ksix-is-tu-tu-kiu-ats-ests. This word means a whole paragraph. It will also be noticed in this word that certain letters do not occur in the Blackfoot language; namely, l, b, r, d, f, j, z, or hard g. It is full of gutturals and very staccato. On the other hand, Sioux contains more of these consonant letters than any others, and it is full of ch's and sh's. This is not an Algonquin characteristic, however; as Chippewa contains all these letters except "r", and it is full of "bungs" and "zons."

The Algonquin tribes in the Canadian West are the Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans, Crees, Saulteaux, and a few straggling Chippewas from Ontario. The Dakota, or Siouan, tribes are the Sioux, Assiniboines, and Stonys. The only Athapascan tribe on the plains is the Sarcee—the home of this big linguistic stock embraces the great North Country up to the Arctic Circle.

Crossing the Rocky Mountains into British Columbia—which is never referred to as western Canada, but as "The Coast"—we come upon an entirely different set of Indians. Their customs, traditions, dress, and physical appearance are as different from those of the Plains Indians as black and white. They are of a short, stocky build, big-headed, powerful about the shoulders, and short of leg. Generations in the canoe have not given them the long, sinewy appearance of the foot and horse Indians of the prairies. They are intelligent, but their facial features are not so strong as those of the Plains tribes. Many of the tribes bear a strong resemblance to the Oriental. They belong to many tribes that have never been heard of by the Plains Indians; and they represent four big linguistic stocks; namely, the Salish, Kuawkiutl-Nootka, Tsimshian, and Athapascan.

Last July the Plains tribes of Alberta were brought together for the first time in nearly fifty years, during which time they were purposely scattered over widely separated reserves to insure peace and safety to the white settlers. By permission of the Government they journeyed to Calgary in order to

Photo by Long Lance

FLYING-IN-A-CIRCLE ✣

Sioux brave, now living on the Oak Lake Reserve in Manitoba, came from Minnesota after the massacre of 1862. He wears on his chest a medal bearing the profile and royal bearings of George III, who ruled Britain at the time of the American Revolution. This medal was given to his great-grandfather, Chief Wahapasha, by George III for services rendered to the Royalists

take part in the stampede—a week's celebration in the Canadian Northwest.

The Indians decided that while they were all together once again they would play a little joke on the white man, and at the same time have the fun of going out on one more war party before returning to their lonely reserves to live and die in the memories of the past. The head chiefs, Running Rabbit, Big Plume, Buffalo Child Long Lance, and White Head, held a council in Running Rabbit's tepee, in which elaborate plans for the retaking of the city of Calgary from the white man were drawn up.

On the following day they lined up two hundred warriors, many of whom carried human scalps dangling from their weapons, and led them galloping, yelling, and shooting their guns into the air against the seat of civic government. While their braves careered around the big building on horseback, they dashed into the city hall, took the mayor out of his chair, and installed one of their own chiefs, Running Rabbit, as mayor of the city of Calgary. They bound the mayor to a horse and took him to the center of the public square, and there, in front of several thousand citizens, they formally handed the city back into the hands of the white man and initiated Mayor George Webster as an honorary chief of the Alberta tribes—with the Indian name of "Chief Crowfoot." The mayor reciprocated by making Chief Running Rabbit mayor of Calgary for one month. The mob of white people cheered for fifteen minutes—they came up and shook our hands and inquired if we were happy—they had not believed that Indians were sufficiently humorous or original to play a joke like that. Some of the scenes of this affair are pictured in this number. Chief Running Rabbit is the most renowned chief, warrior, and medicine man left alive among the Plains tribes. In his last battle with the Crees and Assiniboines he had his head split open from between the eyes to the crown of his head; he received a bullet through his chest and another that smashed his thigh, but he is still hale and hardy. In the big Indian massacre on the North Saskatchewan River in 1863, he was responsible for saving the lives of practically the entire tribe of Black-

LAST WOLF (Oknick-ka-kim)
A type of Kootenay Indian

ABDUCTING THE MAYOR OF CALGARY

An incident of the Calgary Stampede of July, 1923. Mayor G. H. Webster is on the horse at the right. Walking Buffalo of the Stony tribe on the horse at the left, and Chief Running Rabbit in the center

feet. On the night before this massacre he dreamed of the defeat which lay before the Blackfeet, Bloods, Sarcees, and Piegans, and he advised the head chief to turn back. The chief told him that if he or any of his followers chose to turn back, they had might as well go home and "put on their wives' dresses." Running Rabbit, who was not then a chief, replied: "I am not married, but I will go home and put on a woman's dress."

The head chief continued his advance with a scouting party of three hundred braves, but the majority of the four allied tribes, believing in Running Rabbit's "strong medicine," turned back with him. On that same day the advance party ran into an ambuscade, about "two camps," or forty miles, north of the present city of Saskatoon, and were practically annihilated. From that time on Running Rabbit's fame as a medicine man spread among all tribes of the plains, and he subsequently became a great chief and medicine man whose prowess is still talked of daily among the Prairie tribes.

Although the Indians of the older generation who were here before the white man came appreciate some of the better things that civilization has

CHIEF LONG LANCE IN THE REGALIA OF HIS RANK

brought, they cannot be said to be entirely pleased with the new era. They fret in their stolid way under the restrictions which now exist. They were rovers of the wide, open plains until a few years ago, and they will never learn to like their present mode of existence—where there is no game to hunt, no adventure in sight, no outlet for their wandering instincts.

The old people spend their waning days sitting in their tepees, going over their deeds of yesteryear, reminiscing back into those days that can never be again. It is pathetic to listen to some of these old people, quietly reviewing their plight.

I have seen old Indians walking along the prairie with one hand over their mouth, singing their song of sadness: "Enepoka, where are all our old men to-day; where are all our warriors; why have fences come over our hunting grounds? Enepoka, we are no longer men; we are dying."

In the preceding paragraphs I have been speaking of the generation that was here before the white man came. The younger generation is groping between the old and the new way, rather dazed sometimes, but trying hard to comprehend things as they are, and to become "civilized." The older people will soon die off, and then, without the haunting background of the freedom that was, the younger generation will perhaps go forward more rapidly. In time, they should become useful citizens of the civilization which will envelop and absorb them. But it is to be hoped that they will hold on to the true Indian character which is still possessed by their old people, and which is so easily lost, once an Indian has mixed with the lower elements of other races.

In closing this article, I shall quote the concluding entreaty of all Blackfoot speeches: "Mokokit-ki-aekamimat!" (Be wise and persevere!)

INDIANS OF WESTERN CANADA

VARIED TYPES, MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN PICTURED FOR THE MENTOR BY J. L. HAWKINSON

SPOTTED EAGLE

A Stony "brave," standing in front of the oldest buffalo tepee left on the plains. This tepee was made in 1866 by Spotted Eagle's grandfather, Black Dog. It will be noticed that the tepee is barely taller than the man standing in front of it. This small type of tepee was used in the hunt when camps had to be broken swiftly and moved on to follow the fast retreat of the bison. It is made of skin

"LITTLE SHOT"

Pierre Gregwa, or Shott Nanna, meaning "Little Shot." Pierre has a great sense of humor, a genial disposition, and is one of the most popular of the Kootenays

CHIEF RUNNING RABBIT

At-chis-tamakan, head chief of the Blackfoot tribe, standing with the long, ornamental staff which is the royal insignia of his office. It was presented to Chief Crowfoot by Queen Victoria and has since been handed down from head chief to head chief. Running Rabbit was a very famous warrior

KI-TSI-PO-NISTA (Sun Calf)—A Blackfoot Brave

CHIEF WEASEL CALF

Uponista, minor chief of the Blackfeet. He is the last chief living who signed the Treaty of 1877, which brought about peace between allied tribes of Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans, and Sarcees and their enemies, the Crees, Stonys, Sioux, and Assiniboines. Chief Weasel Calf was one of the most famous warriors among the Blackfeet, having become a chief at a very early age, as a result of obtaining many scalps on the warpath. The other signatories of the treaty were much older men, who have long since died. Weasel Calf still has two wives. Four was the average number in the old days. He is a minor chief—having refused to accept the head chieftainship, owing to his age, eighty-nine years

CAPTURE OF THE MAYOR OF CALGARY

An incident of the Calgary Stampede, July, 1923—a friendly affair. Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance interpreting the speech of Chief Weasel Calf (on horse in rear) to Mayor Webster (standing next to Buffalo Child Long Lance—En-ee-poka In-us-twan). General group, left to right: Guy Weadick, who superintended the Calgary Stampede; Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance; Mayor George H. Webster; Chief Back Fat; Chief Weasel Calf (on horse in rear)

MAKING THE MAYOR OF CALGARY AN INDIAN CHIEF

The crowning incident of the Calgary Stampede. Mayor George H. Webster kneeling between Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance (left) and Chief Running Rabbit (right), who are making him an honorary chief of the Blackfeet. They gave him the name of Chief Crowfoot, the famous (deceased) head chief of the Blackfeet, who brought about peace on the plains by leading the western Indians into signing the Treaty of 1877. Mayor Webster then made Chief Running Rabbit and Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance honorary mayors of Calgary for one month

WHITE CLOUD AND MRS. WEASEL CALF

White Cloud (Munza-Ska), Stony tribe, won first prize as the oldest inhabitant of Alberta, his age being ninety-eight. He was a very noted warrior previous to the Treaty of 1877. Mrs. Weasel Calf, Blackfoot, is one of the two wives of Chief Weasel Calf (Uponista). She is head woman of the Blackfoot Old Women's Lodge, and is one of the few Indian women credited with having the powers of a medicine man

A WHITE CHIEF OF THE KOOTENAY TRIBE

Randolph Bruce—one of the big land-owners of the Kootenay Valley—staunch friend of his Indian neighbors, being made a full chief of the Kootenay tribe by Chief Red Sky or, in Kootenay, Ka-nu-tail-mi-jit

A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE KOOTENAYS

Lieutenant-Governor Nichol of British Columbia (kneeling) being made a member of the Kootenays. Kneeling at his left is Chief Louie Arbel

A PEACE SMOKE

Ceremony at the election of Lieutenant-Governor Nichol to Kootenay membership

A BLACKFOOT BRAVE

The Canadian Blackfoot tribe lives on a reservation forty-six miles long and ten miles wide, near Gleichen, Alberta

A BLACKFOOT CHIEF

The Canadian Blackfoot tribe numbers seven hundred and is called the Northern Blackfoot branch. The American Blackfeet in Montana, are the same people

MRS. TATANKA-MANI (Walking Buffalo), Stony Tribe

MARGARET ARBEL

Daughter of Chief Arbel has not yet been given an Indian name. She is a beautiful young girl, but exceedingly shy She won the first prize for the best-dressed girl at the big celebration during the opening of the new Banff-Windermere Highway, Alberta

INDIAN GIRL IN GALA RIDING DRESS

Indian girls ride with the grace and ease of their brothers

IN HIS BEST BIB AND TUCKER

Mrs. Emilio Gravelle and baby The mother's Kootenay name is Ka-ako-oupalth, which means "Kill-fire"

TYPES OF CANADIAN INDIAN WOMEN

ANNIE WHITE CLOUD (Kum-nuk-klu-aklut)

BOTTLED CONTENTMENT IN KOOTENAY

RED BAND (Koon-kansk-klack), daughter of Jimmy Red Breast (Kan-know-kan)

LITTLE MISS SPOTTED EAGLE (Wambida-Kneha-Kneha-Kneha), Stony tribe

A CAVALCADE OF KOOTENAY INDIANS

THE LAST OF THE TOTEM POLES

BY AUBREY FULLERTON

The making of totem poles is at an end; never again will there be such remarkable exhibits as were once displayed along the North Pacific coast of America.

Two hundred years ago totem-pole art was in full flower among the Haida, Tlingit, Kishpoot-wadda, and other Indian tribes of northern British Columbia and Alaska. Within half that time the craft was still pursued in many parts of the coast country, and poles were being cut in the original styles and in almost the original sizes. But nowadays Indian artists carve totemic designs on little sticks of wood or slate at so much the inch, and count themselves lineal successors to the artists who long ago cut great poles thirty or forty feet high.

Happily, some of the old displays remain, and, despite the wear of time, the havoc of curio-hunting, and the increasing modernism of the Indians themselves, they are sufficient to show what the art was like in the days of its ancient greatness. Several excellent specimens have been removed to public parks and museums in Canada and the United States, and even to England, and in this way the type is assured of preservation; but in British Columbia an embargo on the export of poles has now been proposed.

Some of the northern Indians who have been learning the white man's civilization have become ashamed of their once treasured totem poles, and in a number of cases have cut them down. Government officials are trying to protect the poles still remaining, for history's sake and for their human interest. But the same restraint from another angle is itself largely responsible for the first decline of totemism. For years the American and Canadian governments have discouraged the native rites and festivities with which totem-making was once associated, and Indian Department officers and missionaries have used their influence against the cult and its festal excesses.

The poles still standing are weather-worn but surprisingly sound and solid, and, if undisturbed, will stand a long time yet. The totem artists worked on fir or cedar trees one to three feet in diameter. Their usual subject was the human or animal face, which appears on the wooden statuary, as still seen at places like Alert Bay, Kitwanga, and Wrangell, Alaska, in almost limitless variety.

A TOTEMIC GRAVE MEMORIAL

There was good reason for the choice of animal subjects. Animalism played a very large part in the Indian's philosophy and so thoroughly permeated his thought that every creature of the wild had a mystical meaning for him in relation to his own life and destiny.

With quite as much pride of race as that with which a nobleman cuts his family arms in stone or prints them on his stationery, the North Pacific Indian carved or painted the bear, whale, and eagle on his household utensils and hunting gear. From this he passed to a more public display of the family heraldry, painting its symbols on the front of his house or on broad planks, which he hung over the doorway. His next step was to carve the two front corner posts of the house. Finally he evolved the totem pole, a separate unit of heraldic art and social advertisement.

The totem pole served more than one purpose. It furnished a means of expression for family and personal pride, but it was also a public guide-post, whereby members of any one animal group could identify and locate their kinsmen. A mystical affinity obtained between all those holding the same crest. If a member of the Bear crest went to the door of a house occupied by another Bear, claiming kinship, he could not be refused admission.

OLD BRITISH COLUMBIAN TOTEM POLES

Stories of local doings and records of Indian wars were mingled with the heraldry on the larger poles. A particularly ambitious householder sometimes had his own figure carved. For such pieces as these the totem owner probably suggested the designs, but in many other cases the carvers were thrown upon their own responsibility and were left to work out by themselves the particular effect desired. Thus community disasters, such as drownings and epidemics, were commemorated as faithfully as the valor and heraldry of the village heroes.

The genius of the totem maker, expressing itself in these various ways and forms, had a religious as well as an artistic side. It produced art-work that now appears to be merely freakish, but in fact there was philosophy in it. The theory of totemism was that all created things were related, and that mystic beings or spirits exercised protection and tutelage over man. From this it was an easy step to the belief that each clan or tribe had its own particular tutelaries. One of the most important of the coast tribes was under the patron care of the finback whale in the sea, the grizzly bear on land, and the grouse in the air; another chose the frog, the raven, and the starfish; and similarly the bear, eagle, beaver, heron, halibut, and all the rest of animal kind were spiritualized and totemized.

In the application of the theory to everyday life there was genuine concern about the welfare of the clan. Out of it grew a code of social obligations and an elaborate system of relationships among fellow clansmen corresponding to those which they ascribed to their guardian spirits among the birds, beasts, and fishes. Kin-groups, having the same spirit-patrons, were established, but intermarriage between persons of the same totem kin was strictly forbidden. A Bear could marry a Whale, or an Eagle could marry a Frog, but never could two Whales or two Eagles mate.

If the totem cult had been nothing more than this, it would have lived longer; but with all its other sides it had also a sportive side, which finally proved its undoing. Public feasting and riotous ceremonials accompanied the raising of totem poles. The excesses sometimes involved human sacrifices.

Totemism was practiced in Australia, in the South Sea Islands, and elsewhere, but the Indians of Alaska and British Columbia developed the cult to its highest point. In producing the totem pole they made a remarkable contribution to primitive world art. Remnants of their cedar-tree statuary along the North Pacific coast still tell a story of ancient genius.

ALASKAN EXAMPLES OF TOTEMIC ART

Photo by Roger Daniels

HOW THE SIOUX TRAVELS ✣ Carts, buggies, and even automobiles have replaced the Indian *travail* of frontier days on the prairies of the Dakotas

THE FIERCE-FIGHTING SIOUX TURNED CHRISTIAN ✣

BY ROGER DANIELS

"My people have always known God. Before ever the white man came my people were a reverent people and worshiped the Great Spirit. My people stretched forth their hands in praise to the glory of the hills and the magnificence of great rivers. As the Maker of all things we have known Him and have worshiped Him for countless years before a white man set foot on our lands. We know Him now as a personal God. The God of the white man is our God."

Nearly fifty years have passed since the Battle of the Little Big Horn, when Custer and two hundred and sixty-four of his men were annihilated. That fight took place at the junction of the Big Horn and Little Big Horn rivers on June 25, 1876.

It was my privilege last August to be a guest at an encampment of five thousand of the Sioux, which marked the fifty-third anniversary of the Niobrara Convocation of Christian Sioux, or Dakotas, as they call themselves. The word Sioux is not even of their language, but came from the Chippewa and French. The Chippewas lived on the other side of the Mississippi and spoke of the Dakotas as the Sioux, meaning "the enemy." Two states bear their name, but even to-day it seems that they are destined to remain "the enemy."

The words of the opening paragraph are quoted from the lips of Tipi Sapa, hereditary chief of the Dakotas, who has been a Christian minister for many years. The quotation is not verbatim, but covers the meaning he wished to convey. He is now known as Rev. Philip Deloria and is the spiritual leader of his people. His daughter has a degree from Columbia University, and was a ranking member of her class. When Tipi Sapa became a Christian he forsook all his hereditary rights. He stepped down from the highest place among his people and became a virtual outcast. But to-day he is again their leader.

The Niobrara Convocation is nominally under the charge of the Episcopal Bishop of South Dakota. Actually it is under the direction of the Indians themselves. From all parts of the Dakotas and from the Santee Reservation in Nebraska they have trekked each year for over half a century to a meeting place of their own choosing, to worship God in their own tongue, to live together as they did in the Dakota councils of old, but to-day it is a Christian council. This is no show put on for tourists. War paint and feathers have no part in the ceremonies. The Dakotas of to-day are farmers and business men. Many of them still cling to the old-fashioned prairie schooner as a mode of conveyance, but others of them come to the convocation in automobiles.

The encampment last year was on the Cheyenne River Agency. It is a section that has known blood. The surrounding hills have reverberated to volleys of cavalry car-

bines. Yet here was a gathering of five thousand Sioux that for reverence and downright Christian humility could not be surpassed by white people.

When evening comes at the Niobrara Convocation, and the smoke curls up from a thousand camp fires, the Sioux gather for a quiet hour of prayer. They lift up their eyes to the glory of the hills; the language they speak is their mother tongue. For generations the Sioux have prayed at the time of the setting sun, they have lifted up eyes and hands to the glory of the everlasting hills. Yet in the prayers offered up by the banks of the Moreau River a listener would catch two words now and then that were not of the Dakota tongue. The Sioux had nothing to take their place, and it was these two words that seemed to recur in every prayer that was offered. The words were "Jesus Christ." In the Dakota the "e" becomes "a" and the "i" has the short sound.

Many customs of the old councils have been retained in this gathering of Christian Indians. Among the Sioux, there was an order of heralds whose duty it was to call the hour of meeting, and to spread news of announcements throughout the camp. The heralds remain today. Probably heralds sounded the call through the camp of the Sioux the night before the Custer massacre. The chief of heralds at the Niobrara Convocation is Spotted Rabbit, who, as a young brave, had the honor of riding unarmed into the Battle of the Little Big Horn in a reckless attempt to take Custer ("Yellow Hair") alive. He told me that he had reached Custer's side when his horse was shot from under him. A moment later he saw Custer die.

A WITNESS TO "CUSTER'S MASSACRE"

Spotted Rabbit, a Sioux who at the age of nineteen rode unarmed into the Custer fight in an attempt to take Custer alive. His mission had nearly succeeded when his horse was shot from under him

BOTH FULL-BLOODED INDIANS

Miss Deloria (on the left) is the daughter of a Sioux chief and holds a Master of Arts degree from Columbia University. The other is a typical Sioux girl who has not had the advantages of a modern education

During the past few months there has been considerable agitation throughout the country caused by Commissioner Burke's decree that the Indian dances must cease. Commissioner Burke is head of the Indian Bureau and comes from Dakota. The Indians with whom he is most familiar are the Sioux. It is significant that the Christian Sioux are heartily in accord with him. One woman brought an offering to the convocation that had been raised by dancers. The committee of the convocation refused the offering.

The Indian dances are representative of a mode of living that has gone. The Indian farmer and business man sees that the hope of his race lies

in fitting himself to the conditions that are growing up about him. The customs back of the dances have in many instances been lost. Irregularities have crept in. "The Give and Take" dance of the Dakota Indians is nothing more than a type of pure chicanery, according to statements made by several educated Indians. They say that the arguments of those who would preserve the symbolism of the Indian do not take into consideration the fact that the whole mode of living of the Indian has been changed. What these lovers of symbolism are really doing, they say, is attempting to lead the Indian forward with one hand and push him back with the other. An Indian dance in "store clothes" would hold very little interest. It is necessary for the Indian to get into his regalia of paint and feathers. "And," say these civilized Indians, "if these lovers of symbolism would have these dances preserved, why do they discriminate? Why not revive the war and scalp dances along with the others? They were a part of Indian tradition and symbolism."

One of the outstanding impressions gained at the Niobrara Convocation was the alert attitude of the people. The so-called reversion to type, the return to the blanket, was nowhere in evidence. Here was a splendid group of people gathered together in a common cause. They were renewing friendships made at previous encampments, for the reservations on which they live are many miles apart. A contribution of five thousand dollars was taken up for missionary work in other fields. These Indian brothers have contributed to relief funds. They bought Liberty bonds. They contributed to the development of South Dakota as a state. They are sending their sons and daughters to college.

To spend a week among the Sioux is to learn to admire them. They were fierce fighters; history is proof of that. Now they are riding the range as cowpunchers. They are farmers. They are mechanics.

At the Niobrara Convocation a large number of the men present were young men. Christianity to them is more than a Sunday religion. It is an ideal, a mode of life. They fought in the World War. They are members of the American Legion.

"My people have always known God," said Tipi Sapa. It seemed to me that Tipi Sapa knew what he was talking about. I have been to all sorts of churches, but I have never seen a more reverent assembly of worshipers than the prayer circle of the Cheyenne Reservation. I couldn't understand what was being said, but I had a feeling that here was something which was part of our own religious heritage, and that these people had sounded the depths, and had an understanding of the significance of prayer that was fuller than that of many of their white brothers.

The Sioux has always been a seeker of high places. The camp on the Moreau River was surrounded by buttes, and all day long, and particularly in the early morning and at sunset, I saw solitary figures outlined against the sky. There is something in the Sioux that bids him go to the highest hill he can find and stand there alone.

Photo by Roger Daniels

THEIR TOMAHAWKS BURIED

More than two thousand Sioux encamped by the Moreau River, Cheyenne Reservation, South Dakota, for the fifty-third annual meeting of the Niobrara Convocation, in August, 1923

© Roger Daniels

KLAH'S HOME — Here on the sun-baked mesa of New Mexico lives Klah, the medicine man of the Navahos. He is standing to the right of the entrance to the tepee. The young Navaho lad by his side is his pupil, who will succeed him as medicine man of the tribe

KLAH, THE PAGAN

BY GEORGE ROGERS

I did not choose the title. It came unsought and, once put down, seemed to serve the purpose. I found it in our own Southwest.

Klah is a Navaho medicine man. He is one of the chief medicine men of the tribe. The old men of the Navahos respect Klah's judgment. He is a personage. Klah calls his god "Ya." Phonetically, this suggests the name of the God of the Hebrews, which would be written Ya-weh in a phonetic transcription. The story Klah tells of the origin of the Navahos is nearly identical with the story of creation as it appears in Genesis. The Jew has looked upon himself for centuries as the chosen among God's people, and, curiously enough, the Navahos' name for themselves is *dine*, which means "the people."

Whether or not the story Klah tells is a myth, it is a very good story and worthy to be heard. One does not expect to find a story that parallels Genesis coming out of the New Mexico desert. But when the story is laid over against the actual geological facts it becomes something to think about. There is little doubt that this part of the continent is one of the oldest sections of the world. For several years it has been the haunt of the archæologist. I talked to a geologist who had a collection of sea shells that he had dug up from the mesa, at an elevation of 7,000 feet. Side by side with prehistoric ruins are found fossils of prehistoric monsters. Just across the border, in Colorado, is the Mesa Verde National Park with its Cliff Palace, discovered only twenty-seven years ago. There is Pueblo Bonita near Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, which is a still more recent discovery. In the past year there have been notable finds that seem to antedate both of these ruins.

So when Klah, the medicine man, stood beside his primitive loom and told the story of the coming of the Navahos, paraphrasing the Book of Genesis both in word and action, it was not hard to feel, under the spell of his oratory, that it might have been here that the world began.

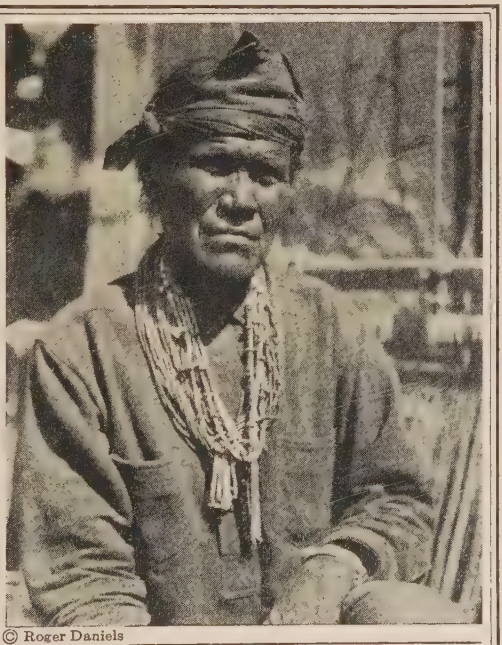
I first heard of Klah through a trader. The trading posts are scattered throughout the reservation, which is as large as the State of Pennsylvania. Strong bars hold the doors and windows at night. There have been murder and sudden death in these lonely places. But one keeps out of trouble with little difficulty if the rules of the road are obeyed. The railroad is a hundred miles away, so once locked up there is nothing to disturb the sleep of the trader or his guests.

It was in one of these trading posts, after an evening of talk about Navaho customs,

particularly the Ya-be-chi, or religious ceremonies, that I learned of Klah. One does not often hear about the Ya-be-chi. The festivals of the several tribes of Pueblo Indians are catalogued and calendared. Tourists flock to them every year, artists paint them, in Sante Fé a museum and art gallery have been built up around them. Just at present they have come into the public eye through the ultimatum of the Indian commissioner that the dances must cease. Most of the dances of the Southwest are nothing more than charades set to music and interpreted by steps and gestures, and comparatively modern: the Corn Dance, the Snake Dance of the Hopis, the Eagle Dance, the burlesque Comanche Dance, the semi-historical dances.

But the Ya-be-chi is hoary with age. The ceremonial of the sand painting is related to the earliest forms of pictorial art, and follows the word pictures which were carved on rocks and pieces of bone. The pictures have been handed down from generation to generation. The medicine men, carrying little pouches of colored sand, direct the making of the pictures on the floor of the ceremonial meeting place. These are studied and memorized, and are then obliterated. The next year the pictures are made, carefully observed, and again obliterated. But the story lives in the minds of all that are privileged to see these highly revered tableaux made of parti-colored sand.

When I heard from the trader that Klah was weaving a Ya-be-chi rug, telling in dyed wool one of the stories the sand pictures tell, I wanted to see it. When I learned that Klah's retreat lay in a hollow in the mesa only a short distance away I wanted to go at once. But the sun had set. Day was done. The Navaho is a nomad; he follows wherever his sheep find grazing. But he travels with the sun. If his destination is only a mile away when the sun sets it means that he will not complete the journey until the morrow. With the going down of the sun he makes camp and halts for the night.



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KLAH, MEDICINE MAN OF THE NAVAHOS

We were on our way early the next morning. There was no sign of any habitation on the mesa until we were within two hundred feet of the settlement. The ground dipped suddenly, and there, under the edge of a pile of weather-eroded rocks, was the establishment of Klah, the medicine man. It seems as if the land itself conjured with the Navaho to keep his dwelling place secluded. One travels mile after mile through the reservation and never sees a tepee. Yet there are more than thirty thousand Navahos. They all find a hollow just beyond the sight of traveled roads. In fact, they seem to know very little about the roads.

It was well for me that Klah and the trader were old friends. The dogs were aware of us first. The Navaho dog brooks no intrusion. He invariably runs to type and in general appearance looks like a mongrel Chow, even to the dark-colored tongue. But he is an excellent sheep dog, and for anything he does not like has a very guttural, business-like growl, one of the kind that gives evidence of having a bite behind it. I was not sorry when Klah appeared and called off his burly guardians.

There was quite a group about the hut, but it was easy to single out Klah. The greetings were in Navaho, and the preliminary talk was long. I learned later that it was chiefly about me. My whole history was gone over, and my errand discussed. Over behind the rocks there was a tepee, as well as the customary hogan of the medicine man. The women were busy preparing the hide of a newly killed sheep, whose carcass hung up on poles to dry. The children were playing with lambs.

The debate over the white intruder and his camera finally came to an end. None of the women, save one old grandmother squaw, had said a word. It was evident that she was opposed to any pictures being taken,

particularly a picture of the rug. The Navaho women are skilled weavers, but they do not touch anything that pertains to a Ya-bechi design.

Even after I set up the camera the old woman continued to rail, but she capitulated finally to curiosity as to the workings of the device.

It was not until a dozen pictures had been taken that Klah began his story, interpreting the design he had woven into the rug, a design only a medicine man dares to weave. I made no attempt to follow him accurately. The trader could not, and several times turned to me to say: "He is talking about things that he says happened a couple of thousand years ago, and I don't get him at all. I never even heard some of the words before."

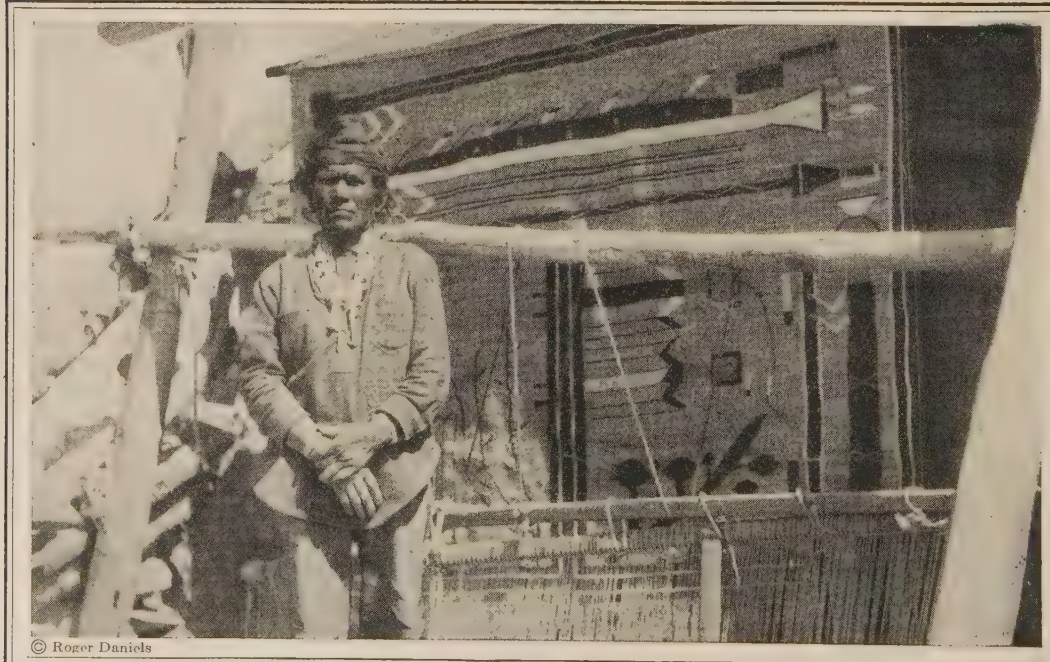
Klah is a great actor. Much of the story was accompanied by pantomime. He would point to the ground or to the surrounding hills, then to the rug and the designs depicted thereon. His manner would have done credit to Cicero or Booth.

Before ever man was, said Klah, there was the great god Ya. All the earth, even the hills, were void and covered with water. There was nothing but water and space. Then Ya put forth his hand, and the land came up out of the water. Again Ya put forth his hand, and the sun and moon and stars were made to appear in the sky. Out of the earth came all life, following four great roads. Then in his own likeness Ya created man, and for man he created woman. These, said Klah, were the first people, the Navahos. Ya caused the squash, corn, beans, and tobacco to grow. The Navahos lived then in a place like a great garden beside a river and a great sea. There was only happiness among them until the evil spirit came.

Here Klah waxed too eloquent for the trader to follow, and much of the story was lost. But in the end one gathered that Ya triumphed over the evil spirit and caused him to be cast into the depths beneath the earth.

It was just after this that the water disappeared. Klah told of no account of a deluge that the trader was able to interpret. The Navahos had lived beside a great body of water, and the water vanished. Thereafter they dwelt in a new land where once there had been the sea. They became keepers of flocks, because the land would not grow things as before. But Ya was still their god, and they were still Ya's people.

Klah pointed first to the sky, making a great arc with his arm, and then traced the border of the rug. Ya had caused the rainbow to appear in the sky as a sign between himself and his people. And here the weaver ended his story.



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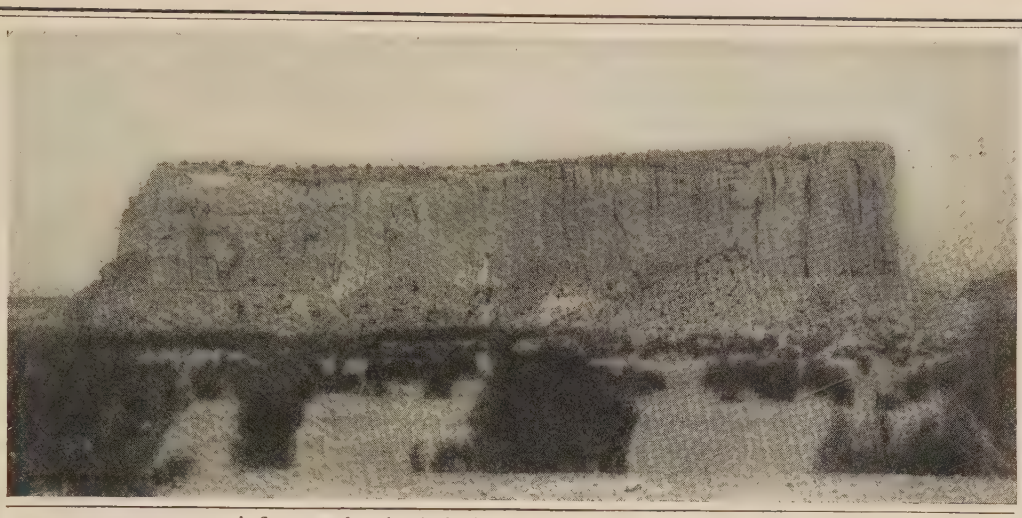
KLAH AND HIS LOOM — On which he weaves his ceremonial rug at periodical intervals. Into this rug is woven the story of Genesis. The black and white design across the top is Ya. The rainbow runs along the edge of the rug



THE ENCHANTED MESA ✣ ✣ A flat-topped rock which rises to a great height out of a sandy plain in New Mexico. A ladder-like path cut in the side of this huge rock, which is nearly half a mile long, was the only means of reaching the city that in prehistoric times occupied the top

THE OLDEST STREET IN AMERICA ✣

BY FOSTER WRIGHT

The oldest street in the New World still echoes to the patter of feet and the sounds of daily toil. It is a short street and narrow, but its story precedes by many years the history of the settlement of our country. Before Europeans explored the continent this ancient thoroughfare was the scene of commerce and social meetings.

Not fifty years after Columbus discovered the western hemisphere, a Franciscan monk, under the régime of Coronado, first heard of the "people of the white rock." The sky city of the Pueblos remains to-day much as Coronado found it.

From the little railroad station of Laguna on the Santa Fé one rides to it for fifteen miles through a valley of sagebrush and stunted cedars. The surrounding cliffs are as striking in their formation as those in the Garden of the Gods. A little way up the valley a great rock nearly half a mile long rises abruptly from the plain—the Enchanted Mesa. In ancient times, so the dwellers in Acoma say, their city was on the Enchanted Mesa's crown. A mighty cataclysm destroyed the single trail that led to the top. The inhabitants that were working in the town on the day of the disaster starved to death, as time went on and no one came to relieve them. Those that were in the fields or were tending their flocks on the plain below survived, and later on they built a new city on another rock a few miles to the south. This second city is the Acoma we know.

The Spanish word *pueblo* means "town." The Pueblo Indians are so called because they generally live in large communal houses two or three stories high. They adopted this form of dwelling as a means of protection against invaders. Ancestors of the tribes that are now grouped under the name "Pueblos" constructed the houses, cliff dwellings, and irrigation ditches that are found in New Mexico and Arizona. These tribes were formerly much more numerous than now. The Spaniards found the Pueblos established in well-built towns, and practicing the art of irrigation. Fortresses, too, they had built, and they were able to defend themselves even against armored Europeans. The Pueblos have not changed very greatly their way of living. Many of them speak Spanish and have Spanish names. For three centuries and more Spanish priests have ministered to their spiritual needs. They are skilled in cultivating the soil, and grow good crops of corn, cotton, peaches, and apricots. Herds of horses, donkeys, cows, and sheep graze on the scant herbage surrounding the Pueblo villages. Their corn is still ground on a stone mill called a *metate*, and wheat is threshed by first driving horses or donkeys over the straw as it lies on the ground. When the wind blows, the farmer and his family throw the grain into the air, and the breeze winnows it for them. After it is placed in baskets they pour it from a height

down to the ground, and so clean it and make it finally ready for use.

Life goes on in the Acoma of to-day much as it did in the time of its original builders. The pedestal on which it stands is a great rock rising four hundred feet in the air. In places one goes straight up, clinging to niches worn by time. Of late years, great drifts of sand have blown against the side of the rock where the path is hewn, so that one climbs nearly half of the way over a mighty dune.

To the primitive man the massive rock seemed a veritable Gibraltar. The chronicles of Acoma tell of the defeat of fierce bands of marauders, against whom many of the valley "house" Indians were powerless. Most of the Pueblo villages of the Southwest are built of mud shaped into bricks and dried in the sun. The Acoma houses are made of rock brought up from the plain below, and are held together by mud mortar. The houses are for the most part three stories high, with an outside ladder as the sole means of access from one story to another. A light colored earth mixed with water serves as whitewash, and the houses are kept spotlessly clean inside and out. Both men and women wear white to a much greater degree than the valley Pueblos. Shawls of the Acoma women are often white, the houses are white, the top of the cliff gleams white in the dazzling sun. The women spend some of their time making pottery. From the spring seeding to the harvest few men are found on the cliff. Farm lands are often several miles from the city.

It is evident that this age-old city is fast approaching its end. The present population is given as six hundred in the census, but this includes all the Acoma Indians, and many born in the community have settled elsewhere. The old people cling to the time-honored customs, and are content with the isolation the rock affords. But they are dying off and the old traditions are dying with them. The city itself remains unchanged. It will probably stand as it stands now when all the other Pueblo cities have vanished. It does not seem to be a part of the New World at all. To walk down its main street past the orderly rows of houses to the well and find there a woman drawing water in an earthern jug of primitive design carries one back to the days when the Indians were the sovereign race of this continent. The woman fills the vessel, raises it with quick, graceful movements to her head. She smiles as she passes by. It all seems as old as Time itself. Yet fifteen miles away an express train is speeding across the desert. In the station at Laguna the agent has fitted up a radio set, and the news of the world is on the air.

A STREET OLDER THAN HISTORY ✣ Hundreds of years before the white man set foot on the western continent, this street in Acoma, New Mexico, was the scene of commercial activities and community gatherings

© Roger Daniels

THE LADDER ✣ Acoma houses are made of stones held together by a mud mortar. Most of the houses are three stories high. For centuries without number figures like these have been going up and down primitive ladders, from rock-hewn street to rock-walled rooms

DINNER FROM THE INDIANS

BY C. A. HERNDON

Here is an all-American dinner. The main ingredient of every dish on this bill of fare originated in the Americas and had been won from the wilds by Indians before white men put foot on the continent.

There is not the slightest indication, according to Dr. William E. Safford, economic botanist of the United States Department of Agriculture, that a single cultivated cereal, vegetable, fruit, or root crop of the Old World had come to America before the time of the discovery. The Indians must have developed their staple crops from various native weeds.

The tomato used in making the first course of our Indian dinner originated in South America from plants of the same general family as the deadly nightshade. Several varieties of tomatoes as large and smooth as those now grown were in the markets of Mexico City when Cortez and his brave followers first reached there.

For the meat course, there is turkey, the one domesticated animal which the American Indian contributed to civilization. Its very name illustrates how quickly the products of the New World were adopted in the Old. Mexico was probably the original home of the turkey.

The ancestors of our so-called Irish potatoes were small, bitter, tuberous weeds growing wild in the Andes. But at the dawn of American history, potato-raising was practiced from Chile to Colombia, but not in Mexico or North America. The Spaniards first found them under cultivation near Quito, Ecuador, where the tubers were dried in the sun and made into flour by the natives.

Sweet potatoes were developed from a species of wild morning glories. Their vine blossoms plainly show their relation to the garden morning glory. Squashes and pumpkins were insignificant members of the gourd family until cultivation by the Indians increased their size and quality.

Succotash is included in the all-American bill of fare because this dish was the invention of American aborigines. The corn and beans with which they used to make it were food staples of Indians of both the North and South American continents.

MENU
for an
ALL-AMERICAN DINNER

Tomato Soup
Fish
Turkey
Potatoes **Squash**
Sweet Potatoes **Succotash**
Beans
Corn Bread
Pineapple Salad
Tapioca Pudding
Pumpkin Pie
Chocolate **Cigars**
Peanuts

Both lima and common beans were grown on the terraced fields of the irrigated hillside farms of Peru long before the conquest of that country by the Spaniards. All the fundamental varieties of corn in existence to-day were developed from native wild grasses by the Indians. The original home of this greatest of American crops is believed to have been Central America. The pineapple originated from coarse, prickly-leaved plants of semi-arid regions of Central America.

Tapioca is made from the cassava plant, from which Indians of the West Indies and South America have made bread since prehistoric times.

The after-dinner chocolate is a drink that was in common use in Mexico and Guatemala when the Spaniards first reached there. The Spaniards added sweetening and improved this "Indian nectar." Every Indian tribe had its tobacco, and several different varieties were developed by the Indians from clammy, ill-smelling weeds of a narcotic nature. Aboriginals found a wild vine ripening its seed underground, and trained it until it produced peanuts, practically as we know them. Nearly every time we sit down to a meal, some dish on the table represents long, patient research by the people we are accustomed to think of as ignorant barbarians or bloodthirsty savages.

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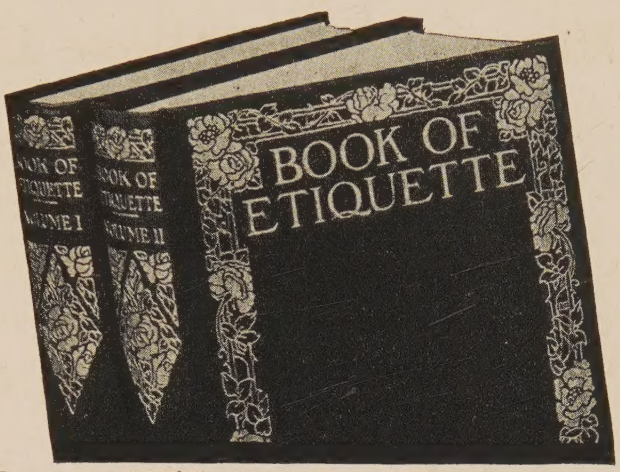

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CHIEF LONG LANCE, who wrote the leading article in this number, is a fine, sturdy type of the aspiring young North American Indian of to-day, "educated through his own desire," and emulating the white man in mental development and personal achievement.

Chief Long Lance is about thirty years of age, a graduate of Carlisle, and an officer with a distinguished war record. He is a full-blooded Indian, a chief of the Blood tribe of Alberta. He was born in the Northwest, and in his early years, while attending an Indian boarding school, he observed the way of the white man and thought he would like to become "civilized." So he went to Carlisle, and graduated with honor in the class of 1912. He won distinction there as an all-around athlete.

After completing his studies at Carlisle he attended Conway Hall, Dickinson College, for one year, where he received a scholarship to a post-graduate course at St. John's Military Academy, Manlius, New York. He graduated with honors from that institution in 1915, and was then appointed to West Point by President Wilson, but relinquished this opportunity to enter the war. He enlisted as a private in the Canadian Army in 1916, was wounded twice, decorated and commissioned, and concluded his army career in 1919 as a captain.

LONG LANCE AS CAPTAIN OF THE 50TH BATTALION, ALBERTA MILITIA, CALGARY

Following his discharge from the army he entered the field of journalism, and contributed articles and special features to the *Calgary Herald*, *The Vancouver Sun*, *The Regina Leader*, and *The Winnipeg Tribune*. During the last two years he has been traveling over the Northwest and the Far North, gathering material for a history of the Indians of that vast territory.

In answering a question concerning his early life, Long Lance tells us:

> My younger days were spent much the same as any other Indian kid's. I went to Carlisle with my hair long, and wearing a buckskin shirt under my coat. I left there a trim young fellow. Carlisle solely is responsible for everything I have made of myself, such as that is. The sympathetic treatment of the instructors there early instilled in me a liking for the white man. Those big-hearted people, men and women who spent most of their lives in Indian work, accomplished wonderful things.

Combining as he does the blood of the Indian with the breeding of the white man, Long Lance has the heritage of generations of simple and hardy living, together with the advantages of modern civilization.

W. D. Moffat
Editor

MENTOR PRIZE PICTURE QUESTIONNAIRE—Owing to lack of space in the present number of The Mentor, the announcement of the results of the Prize Picture Questionnaire has been postponed until the next number. The prize winners have been notified and have received their prizes. Their names and the answers to the questions will be printed in the April Mentor